

MEMORIES OF A VICARAGE

THE RIGHT REVEREND

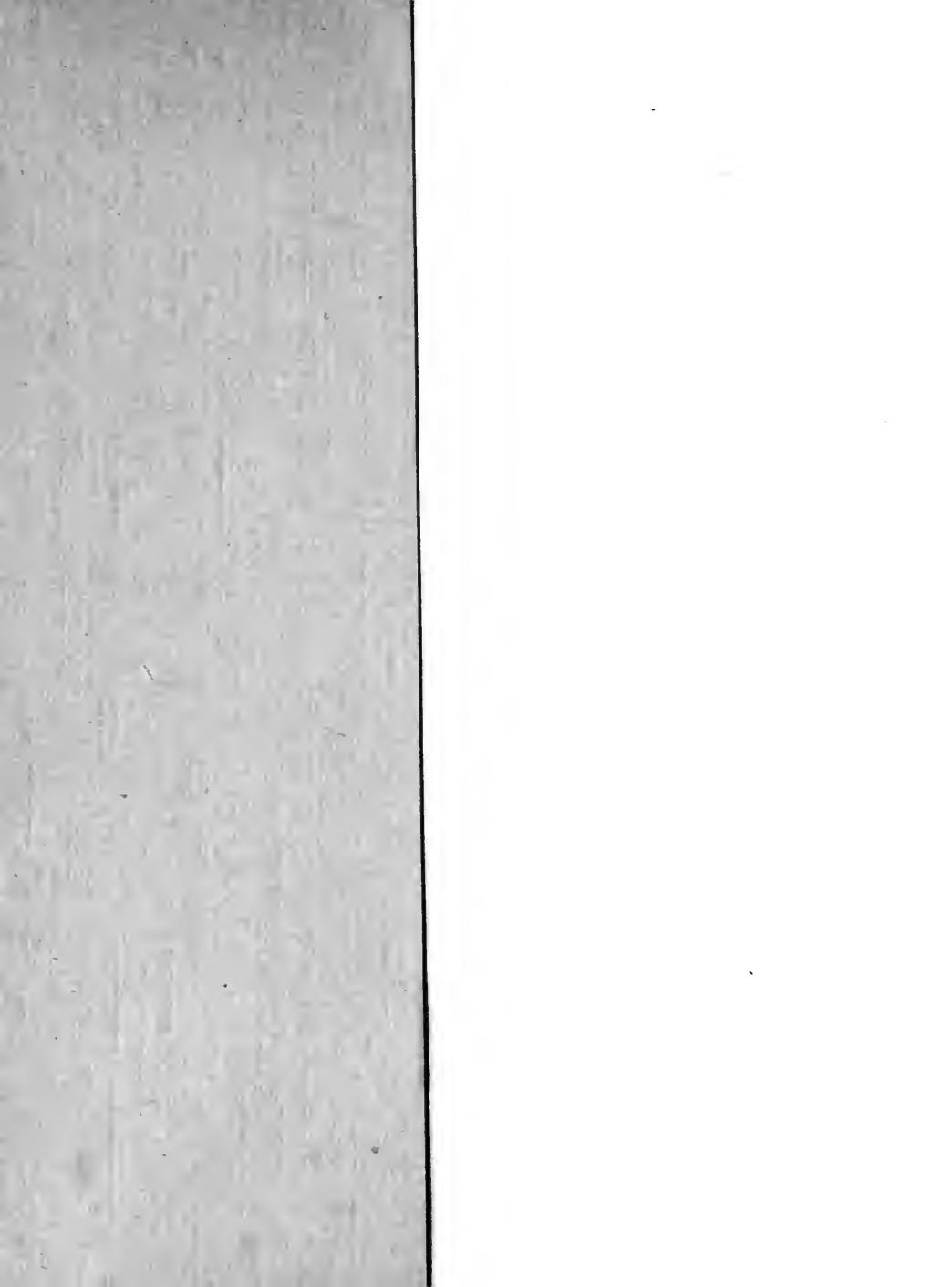
HANDLEY C. G. MOULE, D.D.

BISHOP OF DURHAM.

LONDON

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

4 Bouverie Street and 65 St. Paul's Churchyard







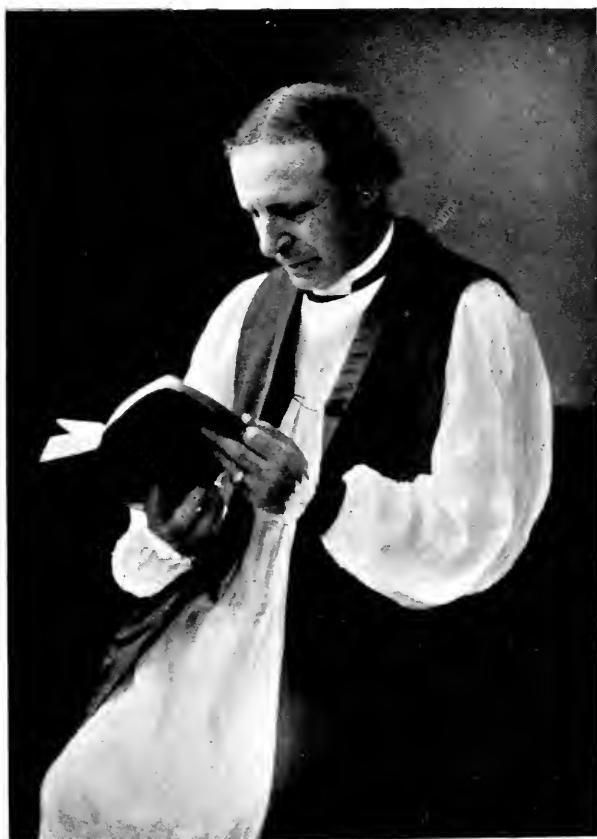




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MEMORIES OF A VICARAGE



H. C. G. MOULE, BISHOP OF DURHAM.

1910.

(*Moffat, Edinburgh.*)

MEMORIES OF A VICARAGE

By

HANDLEY C. G. MOULE D.D.
Bishop of Durham

I remember, I remember,
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn.

HOOD.

THIRD IMPRESSION

LONDON
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY
4 BOUVERIE STREET and 65 ST PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, E.C.
1914

Yes, if down the vale of life, with failing limb and faded eye,
In a window on a sudden I shall see thy picture lie,
All the thoughts and all the feelings that were torpid in my mind
Instantly will spring to being, of the days I left behind:
I shall hear the coaches rattle, I shall hear the bugle sound,
Hear again all well-known voices that are hushed beneath the ground;
Lean again upon the bridge, and see the village as of old,
Towers and spire to heaven pointing, evening-grey on skies of gold.

A. E. MOULE, 1855

PREFACE

THIS little book owes its origin to a suggestion from the Editor of *The Sunday at Home*. Knowing from a few published reminiscences that my old home was very much alive in my heart, he suggested that a more deliberate picture of it might be sketched with the pen. His thought was that something better might be thus attempted than a mere collection of curiosities of the past, sketches of old and perhaps obsolete ways and scenes. In our hurrying age, when Home seems too often to stand in peril of decline and fall, the record of the inner life of Home in a past yet not distant generation might have a work to do for the home-life of to-day.

The papers were written accordingly, in the stolen intervals of a much occupied life. And now comes the further suggestion from the head-

quarters of the Religious Tract Society that they should be collected into a volume. I have gone carefully over my work, re-touching but not re-writing, and the result is in the reader's hand. The original structure is kept unaltered, so that the last chapter remains what the last article was, a postscript, a collection of memories which might have been elaborately interwoven with the previous matter, but which will read more easily, I think, as they stand.

May these "short and simple annals" be used in the goodness of God to carry some not unprofitable messages. Great would my happiness be if they should reach in any persuasive way a class of readers towards whom my heart, as the heart of a pastor, always goes out, the young Christian men and women who are just beginning married life or just about to begin it, the builders of Home in our modern world. They will feel no doubt that much of my record belongs to a past which cannot be revived. But I think that they may gather up here some suggestions both for principle

and for practice which are as permanent in value as God's institution of Home is permanent, tending as they do towards a realization of the bright ideals in which godliness, simplicity, culture, love and duty, embrace and kiss each other.

So I commit my recollections to their new venture as a book.

“ 'Tis now become a memory little known
That once we called the pastoral house our own.”

But if the account of what that house was as a home may still serve some loving purpose, now that the third part of a century has rolled away, I, its child, shall feel with happy thankfulness that it not only still exists in the landscape of my soul but is still, as of old, busy and occupied for good.

HANDLEY DUNELM.

Auckland Castle, 1913

TO

DEAR SPIRITS OF THE JUST

MADE PERFECT

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This memory brightens o'er the past,
As when the sun, concealed
Behind some cloud that near us hangs,
Shines on a distant field.

LONGFELLOW.

I

THE HOUSE AND THE HOME

WHERE was the Vicarage of my Memories, and what was its aspect and its character as house and as home? Happily I may still say, where *is* it rather than where *was* it. For though the home, for thirty-three long years, has ceased to be, the house still stands, and still possesses its small garden in front and its rather larger garden in the rear, a plot of pleasant ground which one can cross in less than a minute, but which to my childish eyes used to look like a large demesne with distinctive regions of its own. The lawn still spreads itself out, circled with a winding gravel path and bordering flower-beds, and the old beloved sycamores still, I am told, throw their shadows over it under the summer sun.

I write of the ancient Vicarage of Fordington,
11

close to Dorchester, the modest and beautiful capital of Dorset. The town, old as the Roman Occupation, when it was full of villas rich in tessellated floors, is alive and expanding to-day, expanding indeed too fast to please my heart's affections, for the new streets lie mainly where once were green fields and lanes, dear to my eyes of old. Fordington the village has long been incorporated legally with Dorchester the town, and the two are more and more united now by continuous habitations.

To this Vicarage came my Father in the autumn of 1829, as the newly-instituted incumbent, bringing with him my Mother and their two boys. The Parents were young people of eight and twenty, the children were still little ones, the elder four years old, the younger not quite two. The house, then so unfamiliar to my Parents, was to be their home for life, till in 1877 the Mother and in 1880 the Father passed to the presence of the Lord whom for those many and laborious years they had so followed and served in Fordington that

His likeness shone through their walk and work, and their memory is blessed there to-day. About a year ago I once more traversed Fordington, getting sight and speech of some dear old friends. It was sweet to find how vivid were the recollections, how almost visible still to those affectionate hearts were their true friends departed.

In the Vicarage were born six sons, making the family eight in all. I was the last, coming in the closing days of 1841. A beloved little boy, Christopher, unknown to me by face, and to be unknown till we meet in the better life, was given in 1838 and taken in 1839, a tender and holy sorrow to my Mother to her latest day, but lighted up into radiance by "that blessed hope." Again and again I have been with her as she knelt and gave thanks beside the little grave.

Of the eight, eight for ever in the family-life of the spirit, three only remain now below. My brother Horace, rich in manifold gifts, passed from us suddenly in 1873, and Frederick, round whom countless memories of home gathered, went at the age of

seventy in 1900. Then in 1904 followed the eldest of us, Henry, dying in his home in Dorchester at the age of seventy-eight ; for many years the able and devoted curator and organizer of the County Museum, a man full of knowledge, loving energy, and firm faith. Lastly, in March, 1912, under this ancient roof of mine at Bishop Auckland, died the second of the two little children who made the family in 1829, my venerated brother George, missionary bishop in China since 1880, missionary since 1858, and still, at eighty-four, bent upon returning to the East once more as a private evangelist. But the Lord called him, and his precious mortal part rests now, waiting for resurrection, beside the grave of a dearly loved child of my own, in a green God's Acre close to Durham. My brother Charles, Senior Classic at Cambridge in 1857, my life-long benefactor, for he made my college course possible, still remains, and so does Arthur, Archdeacon for long years in China, whither he followed George in 1861. He is now a Shropshire rector, loving his people and loved by them, but he has left half his

heart at least with his Oriental converts, "beloved and longed for, his joy and crown." These two alone of the eight now share, on earth, the memories of the Vicarage which I am about to gather up for the reader.

Throughout my early life, till I was almost eighteen, the Vicarage, for a large part of each year, was the home not of the Vicar's family only but of his pupils. In those days it was not uncommon for the parson of a parish, getting adequate tuitional help, to receive boys to be educated with his sons, with a view usually to subsequent entrance at a university. My Father was gifted with no common mental and physical activity, and with an abundant capacity for teaching and management, and from the first days of his clerical life he had combined "pupilizing" with diligent pastoral work. My earliest memories recall a group of eight or nine pupils, fellows and friends of my elder brothers in work and play, seeming to the small child more like men than boys, some of them sons of relatives or friends of my Father's. I look back on them

now with a pleasant feeling that they were, as a circle, sound and true in character, and certainly they were very kind to me. Not a few of them in after life made their mark, one as the model of the English squire, two as notable missionaries, many as faithful home-clergymen, one as a bencher of the Temple, two as holders of high military rank. There was much strong individuality, a large fund of character, both in them and in my brothers. I was favoured from the first by the stirring and active life which thus surrounded me, and which I took, child-like, to be all an integral part of the normal order of nature.

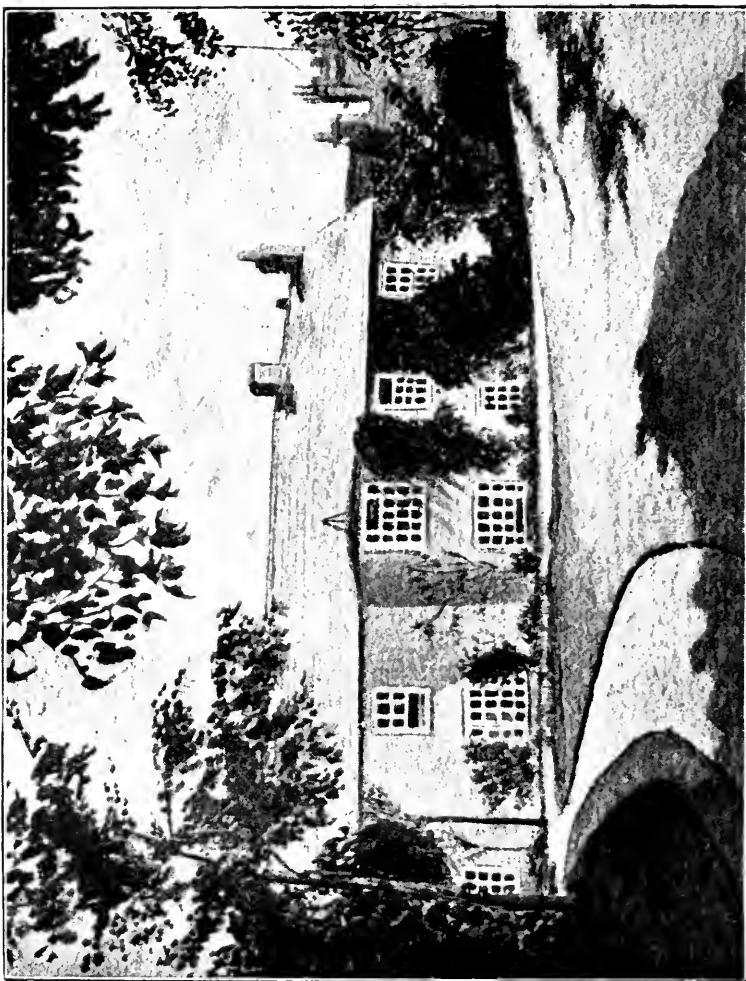
Not "terms" but "half-years" were the rule of those times. The pupils came in February, stayed with us till near midsummer, and returned in August to abide till Christmas was at hand. Many were the interests of the "half-years," both for the child and the growing lad. And then the delight of the advent of "the holidays" was beyond words. The deep sweetness of home life was, I think, greatly enlarged and vivified for us by the

measure of school life which, though lived under the same roof, broke it up and held it in a certain abeyance for the longest part of each year. I have come in my later days to understand better and better what the manifold gain was which came to me through just this sort of upbringing. It combined a constant movement of multifold young life around me with the abiding presence and influence of my Parents, as they lived before us day, month, and year, "unhasting, unresting," always serving God and man, always true, always loving, and so manifestly ordering their ways "by faith in the Son of God" that it never occurred to their child to doubt that where they were He was. Yet so perfectly natural was their supernatural life that the warmth of home-affections, the happy multiplicity of home-interests, was as little *interfered with* by that deep religion as a garden is interfered with by the sun.

So I introduce my reader to the Vicarage, as a home. What was the fashion and aspect of the house that enshrined that home? Where did it stand, and how was it arranged within? It is a

rather long and rather low building, standing just off the road which runs from the east through Fordington into Dorchester. From the lower levels of the village the road climbs to a gentle hilltop where for at least fifteen centuries the dead have been buried, and where the fine perpendicular tower of the parish church looks down upon the water-meadows of the Frome and the trembling blue line beyond of the Purbeck Hills. The village green, bordered with houses, lies close to the churchyard on the south. You walk on towards Dorchester for a few hundred yards, and on your left hand a pair of stone steps leads up from the road to the sidewalk, and a door in a wall swings open, and you stand in the front garden of the house where I was born. Embedded in the wall of the house, close to the front door, is the tracery of a medieval window, discovered some sixty years ago by my Father when he made certain changes in the structure; a sign that a priest's house must have stood there already in the early fifteenth century.

You enter, and find a dwelling seemly, roomy, of



FORDINGTON VICARAGE, DORCHESTER.

(From a sketch in 1864 by H. C. G. MOULE.)

entire simplicity. The dining-room is spacious, as long as the depth of the house; otherwise the chambers are all of a modest scale. They look out, almost all, on the pleasant garden at the back, on lawn, paths, beds, and embowering sycamores. The garden adjoins a field, once our field for cricket and other games, now used, I believe, as a public playground. Beyond the field is visible, to the right, the town of Dorchester, with its throng of houses crowned by the noble tower and fine spire (a spire built within my memory) of two of its churches. Opposite the garden, on the other side of the field, stand the bowery trees of one range of "the Walks," the charming boulevard-avenues planted two centuries ago along the lines of the vanished Roman walls. To the left, the eye passes over what once were open arable fields, now a region dense with buildings, to the horizon of the Ridgeway, the level range of heights from which opens a glorious view of land and sea, Portland and the Roads in front, the Isle of Wight gleaming phantom-like in the east, the Start in Devonshire

just visible in the west. It was something uplifting, an influence which early entered into thought and fancy, to know that yonder far-reaching line, dotted with prehistoric funeral "barrows" cut clear against the sky, distant only five miles from our garden, commanded such a view into the ample world.

The dear house itself—how shall I describe it? Each room was an individual friend. There was my Mother's "Little Parlour," the scene of my infant lessons at her side, and of her lifelong activities of intercourse, correspondence, and a hundred works of love.

My Father's study was next to it, a sacred room, where grave things in the service of God and man, little understood by the child, were done day by day by the busy pen and studious eyes, but where also we children spent many a happy hour. I remember, very early in my life, times spent there late in the Sunday afternoon, when the dear Father talked to me about Christian history, or shewed me the mysterious Greek letters in his

copy of Bagster's *Hexapla*, a volume which is my own possession now.

Then there was the Great Room. In any other house it would have been called the dining room; but to us it was always "the Study," because in the days of the pupils it was used as the chief classroom, between the hours of meals. Out of it opened its counterpart, "the Play-room," used also for lessons, but much more as the place reserved for all the odds and ends of time. Many a merry indoor game it witnessed, and I still hear the voices that joined in part-songs there on a winter evening, taught and led by my brother Horace, one of whose many gifts was music; at twelve years old he was already "the little organist" in our parish church.

Upstairs there were many rooms precious now to memory, and first, though remotest, let me name the Nursery. I clearly remember lying there, a very small invalid (for I often ailed in early days, though mercifully healthy in my adult life), in the lap of my dear nurse, Susan Northover of Cerne,

truest of Dorset women, our severe but devoted guardian; she died in a lodging near us in 1874, her whole heart still given to us long after she had left our circle. There I see my kind elder brothers and their schoolfellows, amusing the weak child by dropping melted lead into water and exhibiting the freaks of shape which would result.

Again, a little later, my brothers Horace and Charles would come up to sit by the nursery fire and read the then recent *Lays of Rome* to the wondering nurse and her little charges. I say charges, in the plural, for a dear young orphan cousin, Matthew Evans, now a much respected Canterbury rector, was brought in 1846 to grow up with me; the scene is still vivid to my mind when the little boy was lifted down at our door from the Bristol coach, while I looked on with a mixture of welcome—and jealousy!

Even in the nursery began the mental influence of my elder brothers upon me, an influence potent through my whole life, and of which more must be said later.

In the nursery-wall was a door, opening into "the closet," a little dark chamber with many shelves, full of multitudinous toys—articles, most of them, strong and durable, long-lived friends of those dear days. The mystery and shadows of the closet were an attraction in themselves; the wooden horse, the windlass and water-bucket, the puzzle-boxes, the wooden spades, suggestive of the mystery and glory of the Weymouth or Lulworth sands—all seemed something more than themselves within it. Then there was the great rocking-horse on the nursery floor, an inexhaustible delight, whether the child was gallantly mounted on his back or balanced against another rider on one end of the rockers. Dear room! Its pictures, its bookshelf, its wardrobe, they are all part of my mental furniture still; and some of the pictures and many of the books are with me in my later home to-day; the wardrobe does its duty still at Auckland Castle.

Close to the nursery was my Mother's bedroom. My little cot stood there in the early years. I

remember the spots of light cast on the walls and ceiling by the rushlight ensconced in its pierced tin cylinder on the floor, set there to mitigate the darkness for the little child when, early put to bed, he was left alone. How strange can be the alarms of a young imagination! There was a time when I was possessed by the strangest belief, not that I should see a ghost; I do not think that thought ever troubled me; but that some weird creature, beast or bird, would come out of the dark and overwhelm me. Many a time, when downstairs family-prayer was proceeding, at what was to me the late and solemn hour of half-past nine, have I crept from bed and stolen out of the room into the passage, eagerly waiting for the murmur of the Lord's Prayer, the signal that the house would soon be alive again and my dreaded solitude would be over.

But that room has other and more beautiful memories. There times without number my child-eyes watched my Mother, morning and night, kneeling in long communion with her Lord in

prayer, while I wondered how she could find so much to say in silence to the invisible Friend, and insensibly drew deep into my soul the thought, as a primary fact of existence, that prayer was a work most real, most momentous. How often beside my little bed did she read me the "bed-psalm," the fourth, and teach me how to "lay me down and sleep" with the certainty that the Lord was watching! Ah, what was the unspoken, unspeakable distress with which, in that same room, a man of thirty-six, in June, 1877, at home from college duty in my Cambridge fellowship, I laid that dear mother on her bed, when she had just sunk paralysed into my arms as we stood talking together! Eight weeks she lingered, and never came a word again from that beloved voice. Then, at sunrise, she passed into the light which had so long shone upon her, and out of her, from above the sun.

The long upstairs passage led to other rooms. I remember how, in 1850, there came a time of mighty and mysterious stir in the house, wonderful

and delightful to a child. My Father made considerable alterations to increase the accommodation, and the activities of mason and carpenter were—what they would not be to me now—a great joy. As a result, a large bedroom, in which I first saw the light, disappeared, and smaller but more convenient rooms were arranged in its place. Just beyond these was another, a little chamber in the corner, which, during the several years when I had the privilege of serving my dear Father as his curate, I used as my bedroom-study. There books were read, and sermons written, and quiet nights slept out. Dear nights and days! I was already a man then, with a man's opening and expanding interests, yet still, at the heart of it, a child at home.

But I must not dwell too long on the topography of the Vicarage. I have much, very much, to say yet of the persons and the incidents which made the old house such a home. All I do now is to return for a moment to the well-beloved "Study," that Great Room mentioned above. When, in 1850, as I have said, my Father rearranged part of

the house, he made that room what it remained through all our later time, a delightful nondescript of a chamber. It was lighted from both ends, warmed by two fireplaces, peopled with books in three of its four corners, and dignified at the lower end with a glorious arm-chair, fully episcopal in scale and style, which my brother Henry, a born artificer, wrought out during his Cambridge vacations (1844—1848) as a tribute to his Father, using some discarded oak from a recently rebuilt Dorchester church for the purpose.

A host of memories people that delightful room. There many a lesson in many a subject was learnt. There, in the holidays, we revelled in home pleasures; readings aloud, part-singings, games of many sorts. Many a sweet lamplight hour have I spent in the great chair by the lower fire, absorbed in Prescott's *Mexico*, or Rogers' *Italy*, or Scott's *Lay* or *Lady of the Lake*, or Milton, or Cary's *Dante*, or Longfellow's *Legend* or *Hiawatha*, or some other of the wholesome, charming, noble books, widely various, which

made up the family library. From the first, I will own, books were sweet to me, dearly as I also loved exercise and play; and although it was a loss in some ways to miss the experience of a public school, I had this among other compensating gains, that the strain of incessant school competition, and the excessive use of text-books, was spared me. My generation was favoured too, as I think, in the admirable quality of much of its literature for children. I have still upon my shelves many of my childhood's books, and to this day I look not only on the great classics among them, like *Pilgrim's Progress*, *The Holy War*, and *Crusoe*, but on many a volume now long forgotten by the world, with grateful admiration. Pure English, excellent narrative and description, clear, vivid, never overwrought, and then the charm of the pictures, woodcuts mainly, a type of art now lamentably gone out of fashion, still give these books a golden value to my mind and heart. Often have I half resolved to group them together in a miniature library and bequeath them

somewhere as a specimen of ideal literature for the young.

I count among my early mental advantages, paradoxical as it will seem, a trouble in the eyes, ulceration of the cornea, which during four or five years of my boyhood seriously hindered reading. I gained in the end, I think, in the way of mental freshness by that comparatively fallow time. And all the while I had an unwearied reader in my dear Mother, who, hour on hour, while my eyes were darkened, would pour beautiful or instructive literature into my ears. I hear her still, in the summer-house of a friend's garden, reading through to me the child's edition of *Uncle Tom*, when that wonderful book, in 1851, took the world by storm. I accepted all she did for me, unconsciously and alas too selfishly, as a matter of course. I have understood better in later years what, in that full and always self-sacrificing life, must have been the difficulty and effort of such services of maternal love.

II

THE LIFE

I HAVE told the reader something about the Vicarage as a house and a little about it as a home. Here I put down some fuller recollections of the life lived within it and around it. The record is necessarily fragmentary, but I choose materials more or less typical. Later I shall attempt some written portraits of the persons who chiefly made it what it was.

It must be remembered that the Vicarage was my home for over forty years. I had no other until 1859, when I went to Cambridge, and again when, for about eight years in all, I was my Father's curate, up to his death in 1880. And it was of course my dear resort for vacations from Cambridge, or from my mastership at Marlborough (1865-7), during the other years. Thus my memories of it cover widely various tracts of time.

The “dewy dawn of memory,” my nursery days, I have touched upon already. They lie in a strangely different region of time from the present. The age of stage-coaches was still with us; the sound of the *Emerald*, as it passed our door with a blast from the guard’s bugle, coming in from Hampshire, was a daily note of time. As late as 1852 I travelled with my Mother by coach from Bath to Dorchester. The railway was unknown in Dorset when I was born. A very early recollection, belonging to 1846, finds me walking with my dear nurse to watch the cutting of the South-Western line through the fields on the border of Fordington, and the building of Dorchester station, which stands within our parish. Then came the opening of the line in 1847; I see still the large excited crowds, gathered to gaze at “the coaches that ran with never a horse.” One early incident of our railway history was Prince Albert’s visit to Portland, in 1849, to lay the first stone of the great Breakwater. On the station platform our Mayor was so much moved by the royal presence that he dropped on *both* knees to

read his address ; so my Father, with much amusement, told us. As the child grew into the boy the railroad became a great fascination, though not in a very scientific way, to be sure—for my supreme desire was to read the name of the arriving engine ! No distance was too far to run on that enquiry.

In 1850 my first railway journey was taken, to London, and thence to Cambridge, with my Mother. Again in 1851 my Father took three of us to the wonderful Great Exhibition in Hyde Park —a scene of luminous life and splendour never to be forgotten. But these things are not properly memories of the Vicarage.

Dimly I recall the solemnity and fears of the visitation of cholera in 1849. It was the second outbreak of that plague in England, and it was intensified and extended by the grievous general lack of sanitation. Far more vividly I remember the autumn of 1854, when again the cholera was upon us, and in tremendous force. A number of convicts had been drafted from London to the then vacant cavalry barracks at Dorchester, and

laundresses in Fordington took in the washing. The clothes had the disease lurking in them, and the awful mischief burst forth a main in the densely peopled and undrained lanes of the town end of our village. My dear Father, with great courage and resource, "stood between the dead and the living," and, with the zealous help of the doctors, (trained nurses hardly existed then,) so dealt with the position that no case of infection occurred in the closely contiguous town. But our churchyard was peopled with dreadful rapidity; I remember six funerals in one day. More must be said about this occasion later, when I try to draw my Father's portrait.

That was the first year of the Crimean War. I hear still the shouting crowd in the streets of Dorchester, acclaiming the *reported* capture of Sebastopol, immediately after the battle of the Alma. I, with some other boys, was on the roof of a friend's house at the moment, looking at the stars through a small astronomical telescope which, with much saving and begging, I had just acquired.

The stars were always a delight to me, a glorious mystery. One of my dearest memories of the Vicarage is my hours of stargazing, with a larger and yet a larger telescope; the latest was an excellent three-inch achromatic, which stands at this moment on the hall table close to my study door. I erected a stand for my glass on the roof of the Vicarage,¹ and often climbed to it on fine nights, particularly when the autumn skies invited me with their splendid array. Had I been mathematically gifted astronomy, I think, would have formed the most vivid interest of my mind.

But literature proved actually the strongest attraction. My dear brothers, Horace and Charles, were both excellent classical scholars. A gifted teacher, the Rev J. A. Leakey, my Father's curate and tutor, drew their powers out with remarkable results. They in turn aroused interest and instincts in me and in due time led me on into the fair fields of ancient letters. My weak sight

¹ The tripod can be seen over the bow-window in the sketch of the house in this volume.

hindered me for several years, but they somehow kept the scholar's feeling alive in their young pupil. My dear brother Horace had a hundred charming ways of interesting and teaching me, alike in scholarship and in classical history. He would walk with me through the springing corn, translating Hesiod to me. He would draw a plan of ancient Rome with lines of pebbles on the lawn. In the years just before my entrance at Cambridge he was much at home, and was more and more my teacher. Wonderful was his subtle faculty for imparting, along with all due care for grammatical precision, a living interest in the subject-matter, and for shedding an indefinable glamour of the ideal over all we read.

Nor must I forget what I owe to my brother George, so lately called to rest under my roof. He too was essentially the scholar, as well as the loftily consistent Christian. From 1851, when he was ordained, till late in 1857, he was first my Father's curate and then chaplain of the County Hospital in Dorchester. George, as my Christian

teacher, prepared me for confirmation. He also greatly stimulated my mind, particularly in the field of English literature. Many a reading with him in Dryden, and Milton, and Macaulay do I remember, now in his hospital rooms, now by some clear and eddying pool in the broad water-meadows which make so charming a feature of our Dorchester country.¹ And greatly do I thank him for having early taught me not only to read Scripture but to learn it. For him I committed to memory, in Greek, when about sixteen, the Epistles to Ephesus and Philippi, as well as large pieces of English poetry, among them Cowper's *Sofa*, with its fine rhythm and pure imagery and diction.

Another class of interests was represented by my brother Frederick. He was the mechanician by nature. Before he went to Cambridge he actually superintended the improvement of our

¹ Two hundred years ago John Gay, Pope's friend, in his *Journey to Exeter*, wrote :

“ Now the steep hill fair Dorchester o'erlooks,
Border'd with meads and wash'd by silver brooks.”

peal of church-bells, and trained a team of ringers. That interesting art, bell-ringing, I learnt from him, enough to qualify me to take part in a simple peal. He taught me also to use tools in some small measure. My great delight in this way was an old lathe, at which I turned many cups and boxes.

My brothers Charles and Arthur were clever fly-fishers. Our river, the beautiful Frome, threading with its many branches the level water-meadows, offered them large occasion, and they followed Izaak Walton's example a great deal. I never learnt their art, nor could I possibly now—and I think they would say the same—find pleasure in any sort of killing. But in those days, when I was twelve or thirteen, I was often out with them on summer evenings to watch their sport and land their prey, and still I seem to see that dear crystal stream, flowing broad and shallow, and the maze of sunshine and shadow cast upon it through the oaks and alders, and the poise and dart of the trout just discernible in the current. Those same delicious meadows

witnessed innumerable bathings too. All along their green lengths, and in their poplar-bordered nooks and coves, the river, rushing through "hatches" from one level to another, scoops out deep gravelly pools, and here it was our delight to plunge and swim. Long before I could support myself in the water my brothers taught me not to fear it, and when at last—I remember the day well, in 1854—the power to swim came on a sudden, it opened endless enjoyment in those transparent, living, friendly depths.

Long after boyhood the pleasure lasted. Once, when I was my Father's curate, the shortest day was so singularly mild and bright that two of us went to a familiar corner of the "Swing-bridge meadows" and bathed there with almost summer pleasure.

Quite early in my history, near the beginnings of recollection, came the first joy and wonder of the sea-shore. Within twelve miles of the Vicarage door rises from the waters one of the noblest coast-lines in England, the sea-face of the "Isle"

of Purbeck, where lie Ringstead, the Lulworths, Kimmeridge, and other names dear to Dorset people. I fear that those scenes are getting now, to use an ominous word, "developed," and that the glory of solitude and simplicity has much departed. But they were unhackneyed then, and a charm of infinite mystery and pleasure dwelt over them to the child's eyes. What rapture it was, on some July or September day, to hear a whole holiday announced, and an "expedition" to Lulworth Cove! Then would roll to the door a *stage-coach*, only recently put out of its proper occupation by the railway, and a large party, parents, sons, pupils, would mount it for the delightful journey, on the way to the boundless enjoyment of the white, seagull-peopled cliffs and "far-foamed sands" of the glorious Channel.

Pleasant is the retrospect of endless homely delights which the lighter side of memory gives me; readings of absorbing books up aloft in one of the garden sycamores; nest-hunting in the woods; cricket, or football, or hockey, the last

two games in a pre-scientific form, in the field outside our garden; table-games in the long winter evenings; readings aloud by the fire; music, instrumental and vocal, constantly supplied by my brothers and by some of the friends who were almost parts of the home. For we were favoured with circles, nearer and wider, of many true friends, our parents' associates, and their sons and daughters, nephews and nieces—of the younger of whom some “remain unto this present,” but ah, how many “are fallen asleep”!

The mention of friends suggests to me one circle in particular, the clerical contemporaries of my Father. Sometimes one by one, sometimes in a gathered company, they made a great feature of our life. At intervals, perhaps of a year or eighteen months, the Vicarage would welcome “the Dorset Clerical Meeting.” Its members, selected not by any narrow party-test but by a law of spiritual sympathy, were Evangelical Churchmen, incumbents or curates, who arranged to meet monthly, if I remember aright, at the

house of some one of the number. When I became curate of Fordington I was admitted a member, and could better appreciate the company and the occasion.

And now, as I look back, I unhesitatingly call those clergy of old Dorset a noble Christian circle. Many were men of marked individuality ; Charles Bingham, son of an ancient county family, scholar, wit, charming Christian gentleman ; Reginald Smith, another distinguished "county man," saint of God, while also the beautiful example of a wide and refined culture ; Edward Stuart, father of the present Earl of Moray, near kinsman to the royal Stuarts, and humblest of believers ; David Hogarth, of Portland, of old the pupil of "Christopher North" at Edinburgh, an unmistakable Scotsman in speech to the last, the ardent evangelist and pastor of his island folk ; Augustus Handley, my dear Godfather, once a captain in the army, then, after his conversion under my Father's ministry, his brother in the Lord and in His work, a living, loving preacher of the Gospel of grace ; Carr John

Glyn, my other Godfather, who survived till 1896, when he was only twenty months short of his century, strong and steadfast believer, wealthy friend and champion of the poor, staunchest of Protestants, loving devotee of the Bible Society. Still older, and a grand veteran indeed, was T. W. Birch, who died in 1870, after sixty years of pastoral life in his rural parish, staying himself at the last in peace and joy on the thought that the Lord stood close to the other side of the gate of death. Of about the same age was Henry Walter, Second Wrangler at Cambridge in 1806, a man who would probably have known Henry Martyn by sight. I remember him distinctly, though he died while I was yet a boy; the memory carries me into a very distant past. He was a noble example of a great generation.¹

Such were the men who would come, by train, by coach, by gig, on horseback, to the Clerical Meeting. The day began with a morning session, in our large "Study." Then the room was cleared,

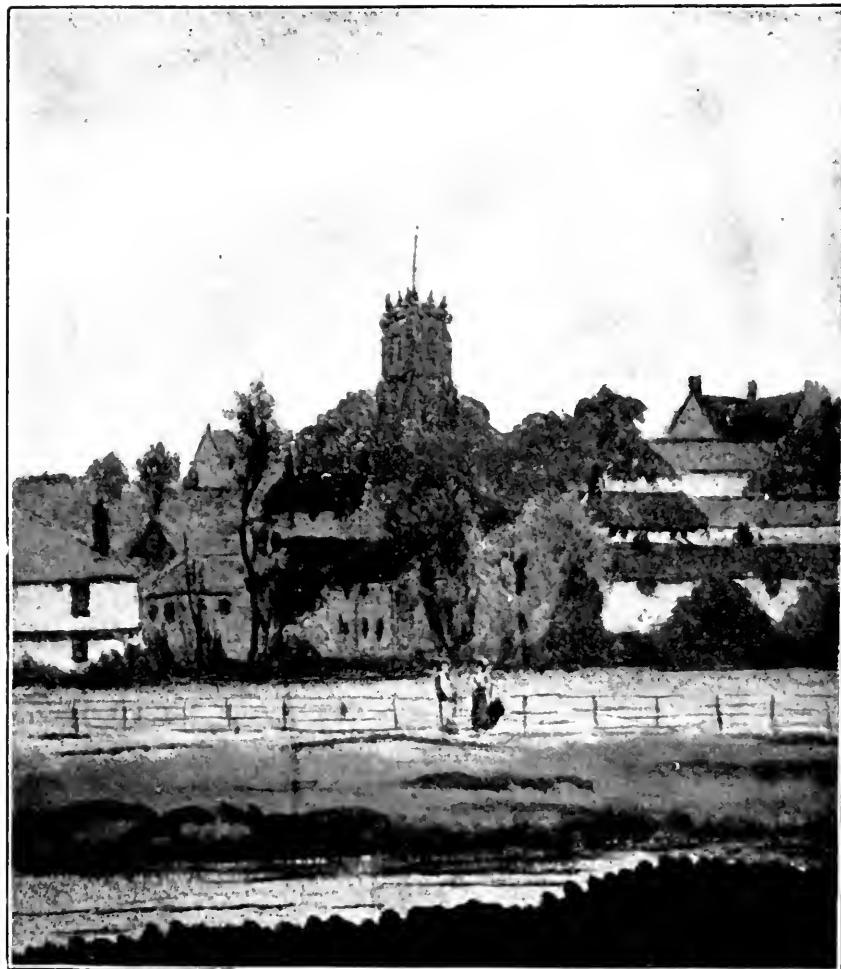
¹ Of Charles Bridges I speak below, p. 76.

and the simplest of early dinners was set in it; the afternoon saw the brethren at work again. And what was their work? Only and wholly, the united study of the heavenly Book, as the oracle of God, given for their own salvation and for messages to their people. That truly was a brotherhood of "Israelites indeed." No bitter party spirit ever invaded their converse, so I dare to affirm; no subtle church politics, arid and unhappy; no plans for pulling wires. True, they were men of strong convictions—some would have said, of narrow convictions, though I have seen the word narrow far more forcibly illustrated in quarters very different from theirs. But they were above all, and with all, men of God. I look back now over forty-six years of clerical life of my own, years bringing many and varied opportunities of observation. And I do not hesitate to say that the leading representatives of the Evangelical pastorate in Dorset when I was young formed a group rare and memorable for lofty character, calm and unworldly Christian

courage, noble piety, a high average of culture, and untiring fidelity to their sacred charge. To me their memory is beautiful and blessed, as it still is and long will be in the parishes they served.

The topic of my Father's clerical friends leads me to recollections of his parishioners. Dear Fordington, how many a familiar face comes up to me as I name "the parish," that living and pregnant word to a clergyman's son! Scattered just here and there were "gentle" neighbours, of whom some were our beloved friends, bright and living elements in the social life of the Vicarage. But the vast majority of course were of the working order, mechanics some of them, employed in an iron-foundry, but more of them agricultural people. I remember, in the old prosperous farming days, as many as five farm-houses in the parish.

In one of those, in my earliest childhood, still lived a dear old lady, the farmer's widowed mother, Mrs Elliott. She was converted to God



FORDINGTON, DORCHESTER, FROM THE MEADOWS.

(From a water-colour sketch by H. J. MOULE.)

at eighty-two, through the private ministry of my Father's curate, the Rev. William Dodge. Blameless, harmless, she woke up to realize that she had never loved God; and the thought was at first despair. But Romans iii. showed her the bright mystery of "Christ for her," and she soon entered not only into peace but into a radiant and abiding joy, in the fulness of which she died, after four happy years, murmuring *Rock of Ages*. I see vividly still her *face of light*, as I looked upon it when, about 1848, my Mother took me with her on a visit to that farm-house.¹

Then there was our dear old blacksmith friend, Samuel Taylor, a strong, simple, rejoicing Christian, with a fine expressive face. We used to say that he might have sat for the portrait of an Old Testament saint. He was certainly not unlike the St Peter of Leonardo's Last Supper.

Then there were parishioners of the later days, when I was the curate. Dear memories are

¹ Her story is told by my Father in a narrative re-issued by me in 1908, *Light at Eventide* (R. T. S.).

many of these ; the young coach-painter, at first a sturdy sceptic, then brought to the feet of Jesus in a deep conversion ; the retired civil servant, stricken with cancer, but led to Christ in loving and overcoming faith amidst his agonies. I used to see him twice or thrice a day at the last, just, as it were, to hold his hand. The Lord was wonderfully and always with him.

Let me name also old Richard Whetham, the *quondam* farm-bailiff, once so hard and dull that he was a proverb for an almost animal insensibility to better things. But our devoted parochial lady-helper found him and won him in his long last days of weakness. And I have many a time sat by his bed, in his tiny tenement in a back lane, listening with quiet wonder while, with slow lips but illuminated soul, he bore his humble witness to the Lord Jesus Christ as his all in all, with a reverent intelligence marvellous indeed in one who had never learnt the alphabet.

Dear neighbours, dear parishioners ! One needs perhaps to be the son of a Vicarage to feel and

understand all the home-like ties, the well-nigh family affections, that gather themselves round "the pastoral house" in its relations with the people. Long lasting are these bonds of loving-kindness. Only the other day I was writing to one of our old Sunday scholars, daughter of one working home and now mother of another. We correspond still from time to time, after thirty-two years, and the warm consciousness of common memories and attachments, and of common heavenly hopes, is at least as strong as ever between us.

The Sunday scholar leads to memories of the well-beloved Sunday school, in which for many years I bore my part, first as a very juvenile teacher, proud of my function, and at last as superintendent during my clerical days. The school-room was built, before my memory, by my Father, for day-school purposes (thirty years before W. E. Forster's Act) and for those of the Sunday school alike; and admirable work, on simple but very effective lines, was done there in

both departments. No class-rooms were then thought absolutely necessary, and the busy throng of classes and teachers made certainly no little din. But all seemed natural, and we had a devoted staff of loving helpers. Some of the best of them were working men, noble characters, believers out and out, and lovers of the teacher's work. Still can I hear the joyful hymns, *Hark the notes of angels singing; Come, let us join our cheerful songs; In heaven we part no more.* The teachers, from time to time, would gather for a long evening at the Vicarage, for tea and then for happy conversational discussion over the work. We shall meet again :

“Teachers too shall meet above;
Pastors, parents, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.”

I must not close without a memory, however meagre, of one wonderful epoch in the parish. It was the Revival. The year was 1859, that “year of the right hand of the Most High,” when, beginning with a noon prayer-meeting in the premises of a church in New York, a spiritual

movement wide and marvellous spread over the States, was felt in the West Indies, and touched even ships on the Atlantic, so that once and again a liner reached New York "with a revival on board" which had originated on the voyage. Ulster was profoundly and lastingly moved and blessed. Here and there in England it was the same; and Fordington was one of the scenes of divine awakening.

For surely it was divine. No artificial means of excitement were dreamt of; my Father's whole genius was against it. No powerful personality, no Moody or Aitken, came to us. A city-missionary and a London Bible-woman were the only helpers from a distance. But a power not of man brought souls to ask the old question, "What must I do to be saved?" Up and down the village the pastor, the pastoress, and their faithful helpers, as they went their daily rounds, found "the anxious." And the church was thronged to overflowing, and so was the spacious school-room, night after night throughout the

week. The very simplest means carried with them a heavenly power. The plain reading of a chapter often conveyed the call of God to men and women, and they "came to Jesus as they were." I do not think I exaggerate when I say that hundreds of people at that time were awakened, awed, made conscious of eternal realities. And a goodly number of these shewed in all their after life that they were indeed new creatures, born again to a living hope and to a steadfast walk.

And "the leaves of the tree were for healing," apart from its holy fruit of spiritual conversions. A great social uplifting, wholesome and permanent, followed the Revival. In particular, a vigorous movement for temperance and thrift arose spontaneously among the work-people, and was wisely fostered and organized by my Father and his friends.

III

THE CHIEF PERSONS

MY sheaf of Memories in this chapter is reaped from ground to me most sacred. If only I may gather it, and bind it, and present it to the reader, in such fashion that it shall seem to him the treasure which it is to me! I come to my memories of my Father and my Mother.

Throughout the whole life of the Vicarage, as I remember it, except the last two years and a half, my dear Parents were both with us as its central light. My Father survived till February, 1880. My Mother was called to her heavenly rest in August, 1877. Thus, till I was nearly thirty-six, just arrived at what Dante, in the first line of his great poem, calls "the middle of the pathway of our life," I lived under the full influence of their united presence.

My Father, Henry Moule, sixth son of George Moule, solicitor, of Melksham, was born in the first month of the nineteenth century, January 27, 1801. His immediate forefathers, French by origin, were in law or business in London. His grandfather married a wife from Stockton-on-Tees, Elizabeth Parsival, on her mother's side one of the northern Blacketts; a connexion which I ascertained, as it happened, only when I was called in 1901 to the bishopric of Durham. The old Grammar School at Marlborough was my Father's school. He passed thence to St John's College, Cambridge, with a scholarship, and took his degree in 1821. The next few years were spent in a travelling tutorship with the family of Admiral Sir W. Hotham, and he saw something of France and Switzerland, and met some interesting people, John Kemble among them, and a certain Mons. L'Ainy, once a general in the Grand Army, who told him stories of Moreau's cool courage in battle. The young tutor passed a night in the Hospice of the Great St Bernard.



HENRY MOULE, M.A.
(The Bishop's father).

1801-1880.

Vicar for fifty-one years
of Fordington.

In 1824 he was married, and just afterwards ordained. Scarcely in priest's orders, in 1825, he was given "sole charge" of the large parish of Gillingham, in northern Dorset. There his earnest work, in a field then sufficiently rough and rude, won the approval of the venerable Bishop Burgess of Salisbury, who came at his request to hold the first confirmation ever remembered at Gillingham. One dear friend of those distant days still (1913) survives, Mrs Hannam, of Bath, ninety-five years old, my kind and punctual correspondent at this day. She, youngest of a family who became intimate with my Parents, was old enough to remember my brother George—lately departed at eighty-four, after fifty-four years' work for God in China—as the new baby at Gillingham Vicarage.

In 1829 the vicar of Gillingham, Archdeacon Fisher, who was also patron of Fordington, "presented" my Father to that benefice—the one offer of preferment or promotion of any kind whatever which fell to his lot through life. So he entered on his life-long home.

Fordington had lately grown, all too hastily, through changes of ground-tenure, from a mere village into a suburb of Dorchester. Its crowded lower levels harboured much vice and misery, and a great deal of political disaffection too ; for those were dark days in England, with riots, and rick-burnings, and still more formidable kinds of violence. Men like Scott and Wordsworth, and hosts of others with them, thought then, as some do now, that all things were coming to an end. Great contempt of religion was common in Fordington. And when the young Vicar was found to be a "Methodist," that is to say, in the sense of those days, the preacher of a Gospel of definite and personal change of heart and consequent devotion of life, he had much to bear in the way of opposition and even of personal insult. Careless groups at the churchyard gates reviled the worshippers as they passed in. My elder brothers still remember the cries that followed them as "*the passon's lambs.*" Nor was the other side of society much more favourable. For a long

time no one called at the Vicarage. In due season this was explained. At a meet of the hounds, it transpired, Mr Moule was discussed, and pronounced to be a Methodist; as such, he was a person to whom normal courtesies were scarcely due.

But a group of devoted Christians, resident in Dorchester, were already at work among the poor, and these admirable friends soon gathered round the new pastor and his wife and held up their hands. So work began. In no very long time two school houses, the first ever built in the parish, were provided, and a large Sunday School was organized. Every part of the parish was visited and registered, weekday services and cottage lectures were begun, and parishioners of all classes found that a man in earnest for his Lord, and walking actively in straight paths of duty, was among them. "Church Extension" soon forced itself upon my Father's thoughts, for the parish, an immemorially ancient one, embraces like a ring-fence the town of Dorchester, and at

the end opposite to the ancient focus there was springing up, with unwelcome suddenness, a new, or West, Fordington, already forming a large suburb. This, in 1847, my Father got erected into an independent parish, with a modest but beautiful church, which now serves, I believe, as a chapel to the barracks. Those same barracks, in 1829, had needed a chaplain, and the vicar was appointed to the post by the War Office. Sunday by Sunday, with unfailing energy, he walked up the town to the military service in the Riding School, read the prayers, standing on the sanded floor, preached a short, pointed sermon at the drum-head, *took up the guinea which lay ready thereon*, and hastened back to his own morning service. “He was a tall, noble-looking young man”; such was the account given of him a few years ago by one who remembered those old, simple days, and was sometimes present in that Riding School—Mrs Hardy, of Bockhampton, near Dorchester, mother of Mr Thomas Hardy of literary fame.

In 1833 my Father was the means of bringing to

an end the moral evils connected with the races. With characteristic directness and courage, he called on the then great lady of Dorchester, a relative of William Pitt's, who had long given the occasion her annual patronage. He told her of the large immigration of victims of vice which the races regularly brought into his parish. "Is that true, Mr Moule?" she said; "then I can never go again to what I have always regarded as only a fine English sport." She kept her word, and Dorchester races, wonderful to say, went at once out of fashion and soon out of being.

I have spoken already of the terror of the cholera, which visited us in 1849, and how, in the dark autumn of 1854, my Father met it, strong in natural courage, in pastoral devotion, and in the peace of God. I do not remember, of course, his incessant visitations in the stricken houses, for I never witnessed them. But I recall his more public efforts. In the hot Sunday afternoons he gave up his church service and called the people out into the fields, for prayers, hymns, and preach-

ings, under the trees ; my mind still sees distinctly the distant crowd as we watched it from the churchyard across the meadows of the Frome. Two of my brothers, on one Sunday of fiery heat, borrowed ponies and rode far up the river, asking miller after miller to let loose the waters—restrained commonly by “hatches” on a Sunday—and so to sluice Fordington with a full stream and sweep off some at least of the malaria. My Mother’s part meanwhile was to prepare remedies and appliances at home. I have often read, since her death, a note in her Bible—a Bible I now possess as a hallowed treasure ; she left it nearly falling to pieces with use—alluding to the awe of that season and to her peace in God amidst its dangers.

All the while the Vicarage was full as ever of the pupil circle. For all the parents asked my Father to keep their sons at Fordington, assured of his watchful care.

When at last the plague ceased, our Dorchester neighbours shewed their gratitude for the courage and labour which had, as a fact, kept the town

immune. I remember how our Mayor, at a crowded meeting in the town-hall, presented the handsome testimonial gifts with a warm tribute of thanks and honour.

One main activity in my Father's life followed the cholera. His combat with the disease had brought him face to face with the shockingly insanitary state of very many of the dwellings of the poor. Of these a large number stood on property owned by the Duchy of Cornwall, whose great and scattered estates were in the hands of a council, of which Prince Albert was the president. At this distance of time, and when now for long years that important appanage of the Princedom of Wales has been admirably managed, it is not invidious to explain, what my Father's experience proved, that certain officials of the Duchy were, to say the least of it, hard to convince that anything was amiss, and that the royal President, that noble-hearted servant of the highest interests of the people, cannot possibly have been allowed to be adequately informed.

Finding that mere personal remonstrances as to neglect were unavailing, my Father addressed himself in writing to Prince Albert. Between September, 1854, and October, 1855, he wrote to him eight elaborate and carefully reasoned letters, full of the respect natural to an ardent loyalist, and equally full of the plain speaking of the servant of God and man, detailing the state of things which the two attacks of cholera had laid bare and calling for investigation and reform. The letters were duly acknowledged, and placed before the council of the Duchy. But, while profound local interest and feeling was aroused, the response from headquarters, most surely by no fault of the Prince's but through the *inertia* of certain officials, was wofully delayed.

The Letters were published as a collected series, in 1855, to emphasize the protest. I have a copy, brown with time, before me. A son's verdict is of course liable to be partial. But I dare to say that I have read few writings of the admonitory sort which strike a higher note of fearless rightfulness

and of total indifference to any personal aim on the writer's part. Little did my Father dream of distinguishing himself; he was constitutionally incapable of that sort of ambition. He was ambitious enough for the poor, and for his Lord, but never for himself. But all the more on that account, as I see the case, he rose in that appeal to the part of a great messenger and prophet of righteousness, fearing not the face of man, while all the time infinitely removed from the murderous impulse to fan the fire of class hatred in the course of a struggle for right.

I am writing a character, not a biography. And that pastorate of fifty-one years in one parish was not a romance. Its most conspicuous landmarks were such incidents as the Revival, already described, and the outgoing to China of his sons, first George in 1857, then Arthur in 1861, and their occasional returns. Joyful was the first home-coming of my brother George, in 1867, when our dear people took the horses from the hired carriage at the station and drew "Master George" and his

wife and their three little children to the vicarage steps. Then in due time the old house became the home, passing or more permanent, of grandchildren, and upon them my Father spent the love of his strong, gentle heart, in a way which delighted us sons, for whom their Father had been an object of such reverence as perhaps to check a little, on both sides, the easy demonstration of affection. Yes, we revered him indeed, in his ceaseless life of loving righteousness. Never till I die shall I forget the gentleness of one of his rebukes to me, for some thoughtless act in childhood, and the awe of another, when he had found me out in an untrue word.

So the years moved on. The merciful dispensation of God bids our human memory commonly accentuate rather joy than sorrow. I follow that suggestion, and will say nothing here, or almost nothing, of the sorrows of that dear life, some of which fell very heavy upon it. Only let me recall the time when our Mother was called heavenward, two years and a half before his own departure.



H. C. G. MOULE
With his nephew, G. T. Moule,
about 1870.



THE REV. HENRY MOULE
With his grandchild, Adelaide Mary Moule,
about 1870.

For fifty-four years they had “spent wi’ ane anither” “many a canty day,” and many a day of tender and solemn shadows, and the bereavement was a mighty one. But never did Christian *use his faith* more than our Widower then. For the brief remainder of his mortal life it seemed to us as if her dear spirit had entered into his, so full were his energies, so loving, so hopeful, so fruitful; so strong was he, and so very gentle. Then came a sudden pressure on the ever-working brain. On his three days’ death-bed he still strove to write about the betterment of the poor. But the Lord called him, and he fell asleep, Feb. 3, 1880, while *How sweet the name of Jesus sounds* was sung beside him. “I never enjoyed the hymn so much before,” was his last quiet word. Within a few weeks I, his curate, helped to introduce the young new vicar to the people and the work, and the dear Home closed its story.

I always feel a peculiar difficulty in drawing a word-picture of my Father. To set myself to say what he looked like, and how he talked, and how

he preached, would be a vain effort; I could not do it. I can only look back upon him, thankful that such a personality embodies to me the great word Father; a man so full of energy and capacity, so absolutely simple, so entirely fearless, so free from the seeking of his own glory, so ready both to bear and do, a gentleman so true, a Christian so strong, so spiritual, so deep, such a pastor, such a parent, such a grandparent, such a friend.

His brief record in the *Dictionary of National Biography* (I do not know the authorship) is equally appreciative and accurate.

And now, how shall I speak of my beloved Mother? The whole heart moves at the sacred word. I do not hope to make her live to the reader in any adequate way. But let me tell my story.

She too was born in 1801, September 17. Her father, Joseph Jefferies Evans, citizen and merchant of London, lived over his offices in Staining Lane, close to St Paul's, in a large, pleasant house, as my Mother always remembered it; there she was born.

So her children are grandsons of the City. The Evans' came of an old stock from Brecon, of which another branch went to Ireland and founded the house of Carbery. My forefathers, far back in the seventeenth century, were Baptists; one of them was the "intruded minister" of a Welsh parish, Maesmynys, in the Commonwealth time. My great-grandfather, Dr Caleb Evans (his doctorate of divinity was given him by Aberdeen), died President of Broadmead College, Bristol, in 1791; a scholar, an orthodox believer at a time of abundant unbelief, and an ardent preacher of Christ crucified.

My grandfather was influenced by the movement in which Priestley figured, and would not have subscribed to his father's creed. He was a man of fine mental culture, and had friends among the *littérateurs* of his time, Crabb Robinson in particular. He married Mary Anne Mullett, daughter of a prosperous business man like himself, a charming woman even in her late old age, the one grandparent whom (in 1852) I ever

saw. Many were their children, and some of them were highly gifted. The eldest son was articled to a London solicitor, along with one Benjamin D'Israeli; my father often spoke of the two young men, their brilliancy and their friendship.¹

My Mother went to good schools, and learnt there, *inter alia*, two valuable accomplishments, perfect handwriting and perfect English. Had circumstances led her that way, she might have been an excellent literary critic, and perhaps an original writer who would have been read.

I may note by the way that she had from her school-days felt drawn to the Church of England; she definitely joined it just before marriage. Her Prayer Book bears, only less than her Bible, pencilled marks of loving study.

Losses fell on the family after the father's early death in 1811, and they moved to Wiltshire and to

¹ The young Disraeli, travelling on the Continent in 1824, carried to Heidelberg a letter which announced to relatives living there my Parents' marriage. My uncle was the "T. M. Evans" mentioned in Mr Monypenny's *Life of Lord Beaconsfield*, and a letter to him is printed there, vol. i., p. 125.



MARY M. MOULE (*née* EVANS)
(The Bishop's mother).
1801-1877.

Melksham. There Mary Evans was married to Henry Moule, July 1, 1824. The next year saw her a mother, and the first dear son was followed, at two years' intervals, by six others. The last of the six, Christopher, darling of his Mother's memory, died of "atrophy," at fifteen months, in 1839; a child, as she loved to describe him, beautiful with the light of mind and of love shining in his eyes. Two years and a half after his death I came. Happy, thrice happy was my lot, to be that Mother's "last-cradled little one."

The annals of her dear life have been told, in a measure, in the story of my Father. Of her early married life I allude to one epoch only, the formidable time of the rick-burnings in 1831. I possess copies of some precious letters of hers, written at that time from Fordington to a relative, describing the almost nightly alarms, the constant tidings of violence and disorder, and the energy and courage of my Father, who organized patrols and served on them, and meanwhile retained the good word of the poor. It is a strangely interesting record,

in which the story of danger alternates with enquiries about the best spelling-books for her little children.

For many years after that time, of course, my Mother's life was devoted to her motherhood, as we came and as we grew. And the secondary family, the pupils, were only less her charge and care. Wonderful and beautiful, as I look back upon it, and study the few precious relics of those days, diaries and the like, is the picture presented by that home-life of hers, with its union of unwavering fidelity to the minutest duty, self-sacrificing diligence in all things, complete unworldliness of aims and habits, and a deep fulness of secret devotion ; all suffused with a bright and animated cheerfulness, and a vivid power of enjoying literature, and art, and nature ; above all with a wealth and warmth of human love which, never for a moment weakly effusive or unwisely indulgent, was always, always, strong and beautiful in its "constant flow that knew no fall." I feel still the passion of tears with which I bade adieu to lessons with my

Mother to take my place with the other pupils in "the Study." Ah, I could not know then how, long years later, I was to go again to that dear teacher, asking for a lesson in the art *how to find the Saviour of the soul*.

When, in 1859, the pupil period was over her loving activities were set free in a new way for the parish. She had already been the devoted superintendent of the girls' Sunday School, friend of every scholar as well as every teacher. Now a work of incessant domestic visitation was developed, affectionate, wise, impartial, in the course of which, as we used to say, she came to know not only every house but well-nigh every room in the Parish, as the loving and beloved friend of all. No weather, however wet, windy, or cold, ever interfered with the literally daily round. And everywhere she carried human and divine love together with her. "Her feet brought light into the room," said a dear woman to me after she was gone.

Time was found, or made, all the while, for

incessant correspondence with her children, each of whom felt as if he had her whole heart. When China came into the family life, what letters were those with which she cheered and sustained her missionary sons! And when, in the latter days, two beloved "China" grandchildren became our thrice welcome young inmates, her soul seemed to grow younger than ever again for them. She yearned over them and fostered them with a deep tenderness, and, keeping their own parents always first in their hearts, made herself unspeakably dear to her children's children.

A great grief, four years before the end, shook not her faith but her now ageing frame. Sight now slowly failed, a sore trial, but sweetly borne. "Have I not seen it for seventy years?" she said to me, one fair moonlit evening, when I mourned that she could see the moon no more. And the light of life and love glowed radiant to the last, shed over us all, and over her people. And her Lord! Ah, what was He not to her? "Chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely"—the

words are but the sober record of my Mother's heaven-taught love of Christ.

It was my precious privilege, during college vacations, to be often with her, up to the unexpected end. I remember coming on her once, unseen, as she sat out of doors; she was softly singing to herself. It was a hymn of Bonar's, *Soon this corruptible shall from the tomb*, and I caught particularly the words, *Set free, set free*. A few days later, as we stood talking in the house, she fell paralysed into my arms, June 29, 1877. Nearly eight weeks passed without one articulate word meanwhile, and then, a little after sunrise, Aug. 21, she slept in Jesus. Three days afterwards we her sons bore her holy body to the grave, amidst literally weeping throngs. In that one dear resting-place, where the old hill of burial looks down on the long green meads of Frome, the mortal part of my blessed Parents, with that of three beloved sons near by, awaits the resurrection hour.

“They are all gone into the world of light
And we awhile sit lingering here;

Their very memory is fair and bright,
And our sad thoughts doth cheer."

This pale and imperfect picture shall close, less unworthily, with a quoted poem. It is by my brother Charles. It "came to him" in the watches of the night which followed our Mother's burial.

FAREWELL

Farewell, beloved and noble face,
Reflexion of the Saviour's grace,
Fair image of a life
Which, pressing toward the Holiest Place,
Still climbed the steep, still ran the race,
And conquered in the strife !

Farewell, mute lips and sightless eyes,
Ye sharers of our smiles and sighs,
The sunlight of our board !
Consolers sweet of sorrowing cries,
Lovers of fields, and waves, and skies,
And singers to their Lord !

Farewell, the deft, strong, gentle hand,
That wrought the Master's least command
With never-weary will ;
That sewed, nursed, guided, summed, or planned,
Or scattered joy by sea or land,
Till palsy dropt the quill !

Farewell, dear feet that cannot move !
How long, upborne by mighty love,
 Through home, school, street, ye passed !
Ah, what a maze of steps ye wove !
To run God's errand's how ye strove !
 Nor spirit failed at last !

Farewell, our Mother's tenderest heart !
Thou canst not die, nor dead thou art,
 Though now to sleep thou'rt fain.
Sore is the pang from thee to part ;
When wilt thou ease thy children's smart,
 And beat for us again ?

Farewell, O freed and mounting soul,
Beyond the grave, beyond the pole,
 Where'er thy rest may be ;
May He whose presence was thy goal
Be near us while the seasons roll,
 And let us come to thee !

IV

GLEANINGS

WILL the reader who has examined my sheaf of "Memories" have patience if I add to it a small handful of gleanings? Innumerable details of my past at Fordington Vicarage have been of course omitted; such was my old home to me, and such is it, that the stores of private recollection lodged in the heart are inexhaustible. But a few matters seem still to claim special mention as I review what I have written, matters which on one account or another may be placed not unfitly in the daylight of print.

To begin with the neighbours and friends of the Vicarage. Two names of widely different interest should have been mentioned by me in my second chapter. One is that of a venerable parishioner, whose noble aged face I well remember seeing, in

his old house near the Church, about sixty-five years ago. Stroud was his surname, and I think he was christened William—a point which would be settled if I could visit the rural churchyard of Frampton, Dorset, where his dust awaits resurrection and where, at his own solemnly written desire, found after his death, his headstone bears the words, below his name, *I have found redemption through the blood of the Lamb: Reader, hast thou?*¹ I recall him somewhat as if I had been introduced to one of the Pilgrims of the Progress, to Mr Standfast for example. His memory makes a link with a now remote past, for as a young man he worked in the gardens of Fulham Palace, about the year 1800, when good Bishop Porteus was master there. And Porteus was born long enough ago to have written an elegy (full, it must be owned, of exaggerated praise) on the death of George II. in 1760.

¹ An old Dorset friend has “verified the reference” since this was written, by a visit to Frampton. The Christian name is Isaac. Mr Stroud died Dec. 30, 1851.

The other name is that of Charles Bridges, Rector of Hinton Martell, near Wimborne, where he died at the age of about eighty in 1869; one of those Dorset Evangelicals of whom I have written above. He was a "Grecian" at Christ's Hospital, not very much later, perhaps only twenty years, than Coleridge and Charles Lamb. When at Queens' College, Cambridge, as he once told me, he heard Thomas Scott preach in Simeon's pulpit, and remembered his saying, "Let me be but an errand-boy for Christ." Bridges became quite early an author of wide repute among Christian readers, combining large and accurate reading with a pure, sweet style and the mingled fragrance of good sense and holiness. His commentary on the 119th Psalm, and his book on the Christian Ministry, had a great and well-merited circulation of old, and I think the former still finds readers. At Weymouth first and then at Hinton, after earlier ministries in Suffolk, he did wonderfully thorough pastoral work of the truest spiritual sort.

To him in very deed Christ was all. One winter

evening, as he drove away from a Clerical Meeting, one of those described in my second article, a friend said to him, "I am afraid you will be very cold." "No," he replied, with his hand on his heart, and with a look of wonderful meaning; "I carry *here* what will keep me warm."

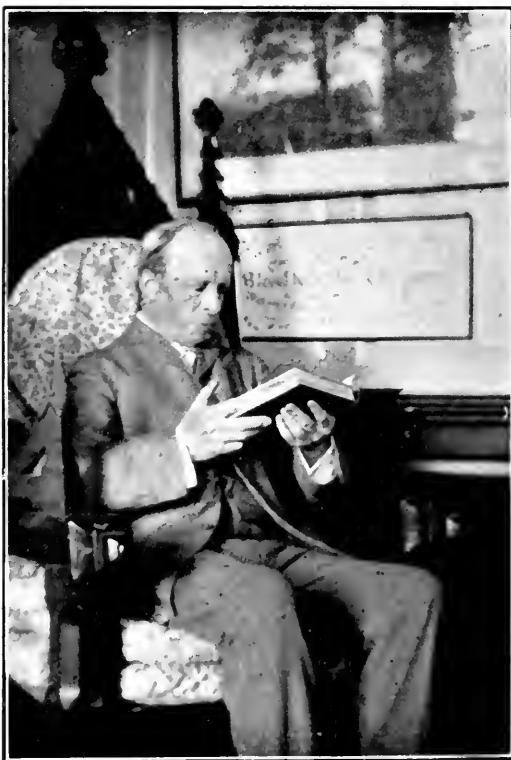
On his bed of weakness and of frequent mental wandering he bade me farewell, in the spring of 1868. At first he said many things remote from connected thought. Then Christ was mentioned, and instantly he was himself, intellect and soul all awake and in action. "My dear young friend," he said in closing, "never leave hold of the Lord Jesus Christ"; and then he blessed me.

Among the friends I attempted briefly to portray above, that good company of true pastors, Mr Bridges, though he was in some respects eminent, was only an eminent *one* among the like-minded and like-hearted. Hallowed is their memory.

Then let me say a brief word about my eldest brother Henry, who was born in 1825 and died in 1904. I have already named him in the second

chapter, and have spoken of his mechanical skill. But I must not leave him without some notice of his large range of gifts and force of character, which always exercised a great influence on me. From early life a devout Christian, and in his later days more and more outspokenly so, he had a singularly solemn sense of the responsibility of ordained men, and remained a layman. For several years he worked as private tutor and secretary in more than one noteworthy house, at one time for the Earl Fitzwilliam of that day, at another for the then Duke of Abercorn, and he won the warmest friendships in those circles. For a long time, from 1862, he managed an estate in Galloway with great energy and capacity. The long happy close of his life was spent in Dorchester, where he was the zealous and efficient guardian of the excellent County Museum.

Amidst his strenuous primary duties he cherished some delightful recreations. I have alluded to his skill as a carpenter and joiner,



H. J. MOULE

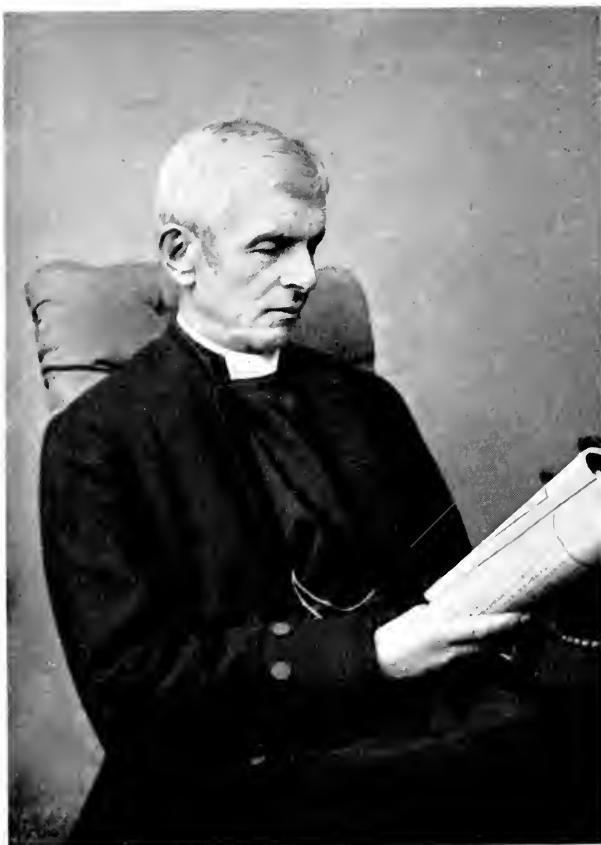
(The Bishop's brother) sitting in the chair which long years before he had made for his father.

and, I may add, as a very clever wood-carver. He was also a water-colour sketcher all his life, with a fine eye for the beautiful in nature and in architecture, a sure sense of form and colour, and a deft, firm hand. And he was a reader whose range was really vast, reaching from out-of-the-way corners of ancient literature to the very newest books on science or exploration; I had always a salutary sense, in his company, of my own relative lack of information. Firm was his faith all the while, and his delight was great, during his latter days at Dorchester, in the diligent teaching on Sundays of a class of working men, who loved him well. He helped them in the week too, in mind as well as soul. His *Old Dorset*, published some fifteen years ago, an admirable and vividly written story of our county from the geological ages to the present day, was originally a set of papers prepared for his dear artizan friends, and richly appreciated by them.

I have already spoken of my brother George,

the second of our circle, for a long half-century missionary, and for twenty-six years of that time Bishop, in China. I shall venture to transcribe here an “appreciation” of his preaching, written by me as far back as May, 1865. It occurs in a paper *On Preaching*, contributed to an Essay Society in my old Cambridge college, and it has lately, strange to say, returned into my possession on the death of another member of that Society, the keeper of its modest archives, my dear and gifted college friend, and friend for life, the Rev. D. C. Tovey, editor of Gray’s *Letters*. The essay, which I had totally forgotten, is juvenile enough in many of its estimates but curiously true, I think, in this one. It is cast in dialogue form, and the talk has just turned on the authority which gray hairs give to a preacher’s words. Then it concludes:—

“Our desultory and imperfect conversation was closed by a warm account which Philemon gave us of a preacher whom he considered to be well-nigh his ideal, a man whose hairs indeed were black, (a fault which there might be time to mend,) but who shewed in a grave countenance the furrowed marks of thought and conflicting emotions almost out of proportion to



G. E. MOULE, BISHOP IN MID-CHINA.
(*Pouncy, Dorchester.*)

his years ; a manner somewhat severe at the first impression ; a style pure indeed and scholarlike, but as it were purposely repressing the more dubious displays of human eloquence ; yet all this pervaded and enlightened by an unmistakable deep and energetic sympathy, fit for a *man* to feel and to express. . . . This preacher, as he rose with collected vigour to some theme above the heavens, yet seemed by his eye and the influence of his face to attract after him the humblest and simplest of his auditory, till they found themselves unawares at the very gates of Paradise, having thought little perhaps of the ethereal road which yet by surest and most just ascents led them thither. In him, we were informed, gravity and kindness, reason and sympathetic impulse, were tempered to an admirable whole ; and to such lengths did Philemon proceed in his eulogy that I could not help expressing a wish to hear his hero. ‘Alas,’ he replied, ‘that will be impossible ; for he has gone to try his powers upon remote barbarian hearers, and is at this moment parted from us by half the world.’”

What have I not owed to my dear brothers? Was ever the youngest member of a family quite so much advantaged? Two yet, in God’s mercy, “are alive and remain”; Charles, Senior Fellow of Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and Arthur, fifty years missionary, and latterly Archdeacon, in China, now Rector of Burwarton in Shropshire. Just because they are here I do not attempt their portraits.

They know a little of the reverence and love that is in me.

And now a few words more must be said about my Father. I have dwelt above on his public and ministerial activities, but have said almost nothing of his character from the side of gifts and cultivation. As I look back on the beloved and venerated life, I think often with admiring pleasure how much the man who seemed so incessantly to live for duty and for others was meanwhile the writer of verse and the lover of music. From a period quite early in life he spent some of his limited leisure on poetry. In the year 1846, to help on the formation of the new parish of West Fordington, to which I have already referred, he printed by subscription a thin volume, *Scraps of Sacred Verse*. The printer and publisher was his brother-in-law, Frederick Evans, of the then eminent firm of Bradbury and Evans. My dear uncle, himself a genuine man of letters, was the friend of Douglas Jerrold and Tom Taylor, and of Charles Dickens, whose eldest son married his charming daughter,

not long since deceased. *Scraps of Verse* contains many pieces which, at least to a son's mind, are beautiful as well as true. One is a hymn written quite early, an address to the Spirit of God:

“ Come, Holy Comforter, celestial light !
Relieve from all obscurity our sight :
Come, Holy Comforter, celestial fire !
Our souls with love and purity inspire :
Hear, Holy Ghost, our supplianting cry,
Nor leave the grace Thou gav'st to droop and die.

“ Come, Holy Comforter, a Saviour's love
Reveal, and fix our hearts on joys above :
Come, Holy Comforter, the flesh subdue,
And aid us, one with Christ, His will to do :
Hear, Holy Ghost, our supplianting cry,
Nor leave the grace Thou gav'st to droop and die.”

The hymn is accompanied by a tune, also original, perfectly adapted to the words and of melody sweet and solemn. Several other hymns in the book are similarly set, and the tunes, in at least many instances, are full of power and grace.

Our dear musician had never, that I know of, had a lesson on the piano; but to the very last he

played his own tunes by ear with melodious feeling, and lifted his voice, which had been a fine bass in his prime, in joyful praises to his Lord.

A few years before the close, and soon after a great crisis of sorrow, he wrote what was almost, if not quite, his last "divine song," and set it to sweet sounds:

" Me, Lord, desiring, with trembling gladness,
 To yield to Thine my will,
In all my weakness, in all my sadness,
 With Thine own Spirit fill.

" I would not murmur, for though around Thee
 The darkest night prevail,
Thy waiting people have never found Thee
 In all Thy truth to fail.

" Lord, Lord, I love Thee, Thy word receiving,
 Thyself, within my breast,
And wait, unworthy, on Thee believing,
 To enter into rest."

Before finally passing from my picture of my Father I must add one incident. It will shew how, amidst many public activities, he was always the "fisher of men," the seeker of souls. Some forty years ago he was once lingering in his

Church, perhaps after a wedding or a burial, when a stranger entered at the open door to look round the building. My Father greeted him, and they fell into friendly talk. This led up to converse on the deepest themes, and at last the Vicar made a pressing appeal to his interlocutor to accept Christ as personal Saviour, by simplest faith in His Word. To illustrate, he took out his penknife, and said, "I give this to you; do you accept it?" Yes, the stranger could not but take a true man at his word, and he put the gift in his pocket without demur. "Well, trust your Saviour's word with the same simplicity, and take His great gift to-day." Only last year *that same knife came back to me* the giver's son, with a warm, kind letter from the recipient, who, as I found in this my first intimation of the incident, owed his new life to that passing interview.

And now I must gather up my gleanings, and ask the reader to accept them, and bid him adieu. I could linger over many things. I could describe the delightful simplicity of the ways and hours of

the Vicarage home; its old-world meal times, dinner at 2.30, tea at 6.30, and nothing later. I could picture the services of the Church, remote indeed from modern ideals of ornate worship but unspeakably reverential and real, "in spirit and in truth." I could write of the arrival in the house, now and then, for longer or shorter visits, of strangers of note; as when Charles Valentine Le Grice, Lamb's friend, whose name will be known to lovers of *Elia*, called on us while his grandson was a pupil at the Vicarage; and when Professor Conington of Oxford came to see my brothers, and read to us—I still hear the great scholar's voice and some of the phrases—specimens of his rendering of Virgil's Eclogues; and again when my Father found Professor Owen in the County Museum, examining its palæontological treasures, and brought him in to our early dinner; well do I recall the gray-green light in his eyes and the kindly brilliancy of his talk.

But I must not go too far afield. Perhaps these Memories may not unfitly close with some

simple lines of my own, written in 1878, when I was my Father's curate, soon after my Mother had fallen asleep.

THE GARDEN DOOR

Beside the midnight fire awhile I sit and muse alone;
The dark wind wanders round the house with wild and weary tone;
The garden trees are moved aloft, and hark, amidst the roar
I hear upon its hinges swung the unlatched Garden Door.

The soul is hushed for Memory's voice, speak with what voice she will,
And oft as yon small sound is heard her accents reach me still,
And swift and silent o'er the mind a thousand hours are rolled,
A thousand passings in and out at that dear Gate of old.

There oft, by tenderest escort led, our little feet would go,
For happy rambles through the corn, or where the mead-flowers blow,
Or venturesome play in snow-piled lanes at ancient Christmas-times,
Or duly to the sacred door at sound of Sabbath chimes.

There oft in after-days we went, with free and gladsome noise,
For river plunge or coast-ward march, a group of eager boys;
To drive the ball upon the down, to rove the purple heath,
To track the wood where nests hung high and violets lurked beneath.

And holier feet than ours, old Gate, by thee have come and gone,
Below the ivied slab and down at those two steps of stone ;
On journeys not of health and mirth those blessed feet were bent,
But seeking those who sinned and sighed, for so the Master went.

There, when the pestilence was blown on that dire Autumn's breath,
Morn, noon, and night, our Father sped, to wrestle hard with death ;
Uncounted times he there has passed, as there he passes yet,
To churchway walk and pulpit stair, on God's own errands set.

There, year and day, and storm and shine, to cottage door on door,
Or when the Sabbath called her school to throng the busy floor,
At length with age-worn steps and slow but never weary love,
She went who is our Mother still, though now she rests above.

* * * * *

Ah, midnight winds that heave the door, ye reck not as ye blow
What thoughts ye strike into the heart, what nameless joy and woe ;
What smiles of welcome beam anew, what hands at parting wave,
What words again are breathed in tones that overlive the grave.

Hush, hush the trees, thou moaning wind, let go the Garden
Door :
And yet—'tis worth the anguish well to have known such years
of yore !
I'll take the dear Past in my soul, and, ere I sleep, I'll come
And pour it on the hallowed page that lights the pilgrim home.

Note to p. 56.—Since writing the paragraph which records my Father's work as chaplain at Dorchester Barracks, and while these pages were on the eve of finally passing to the press, I recovered a copy of the kind letter in which Mr Thomas Hardy, O.M., whose house stands within the parish of Fordington, told my brother Arthur the story of his mother's recollections. The letter is dated March, 1904, just after my brother Henry's funeral. To that funeral Mrs Hardy, then in her ninety-first year, sent a wreath, made of the old-fashioned flowers in her own garden which my brother had often admired. "At 8 on the evening before there was found to be not quite enough green to finish it, and she sent out my sister with a lantern for more, fearing it might not reach the house in time if left till the morning. . . . After the last words of the service an old navvy . . . said in a low yet distinct voice: 'That's a good man gone!' It aptly summed up everybody's feeling." Mrs Hardy died very soon after my brother.

I cannot but append finally to my "Memories" the following poem, written by my missionary brother, Archdeacon Moule, and extracted from his *Songs of Heaven and Home*.

TO OUR MOTHER IN HEAVEN

"The Inheritance of the Saints in Light"

Here, under clouded skies and sorrow's gloom,
In the deep night of ignorance and sin,
Flashes of far-off glory seem to come
From that bright home where thou art entered in ;
We thank the Father who hath made thee meet
And to the realms of light hath led thy willing feet.

Truly to thee the light was ever sweet,
Aslant the cowslip banks of Herringstone,
Or on the green blades of the springing wheat,
Or on thy heavenward face when sight was gone !
And now thou seest the light on that blest shore ;
Heaven's sun for thee, my Mother, sets no more.

"More light, more light ! " (the constant cry was heard) ;
Bending above the Book for light she cried) ;
What glory now must gild the sacred Word
For thee at rest so near thy Saviour's side !
The night of partial knowledge now is flown ;
Thou knowest, my Mother, even as thou art known.

Walking in light, the darkness only hating,
Sin was to thee like midnight storm and gloom ;
For holiness as for the morning waiting,
The dawn of endless purity has come :
How sweet the word which at thy entering in
To light would greet thee—"There is no more sin!"

Alas, my Mother, how advancing years
With sorrow's shadow crossed thy radiant brow
How broke, and broke again, the fount of tears !
But God's own gentle hand hath soothed thee now ;
All knowledge, joy, and holiness are thine ;
That blest inheritance in light, through grace, be mine !

A. E. MOULE

Hangchow, China,
December 1877

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